

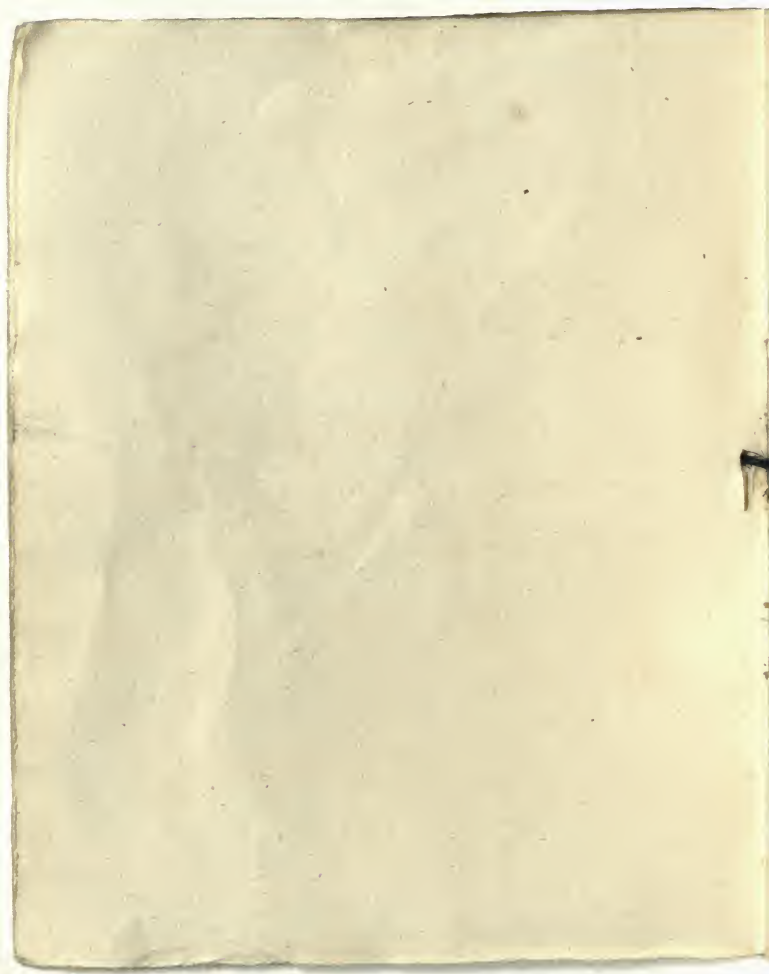
THE
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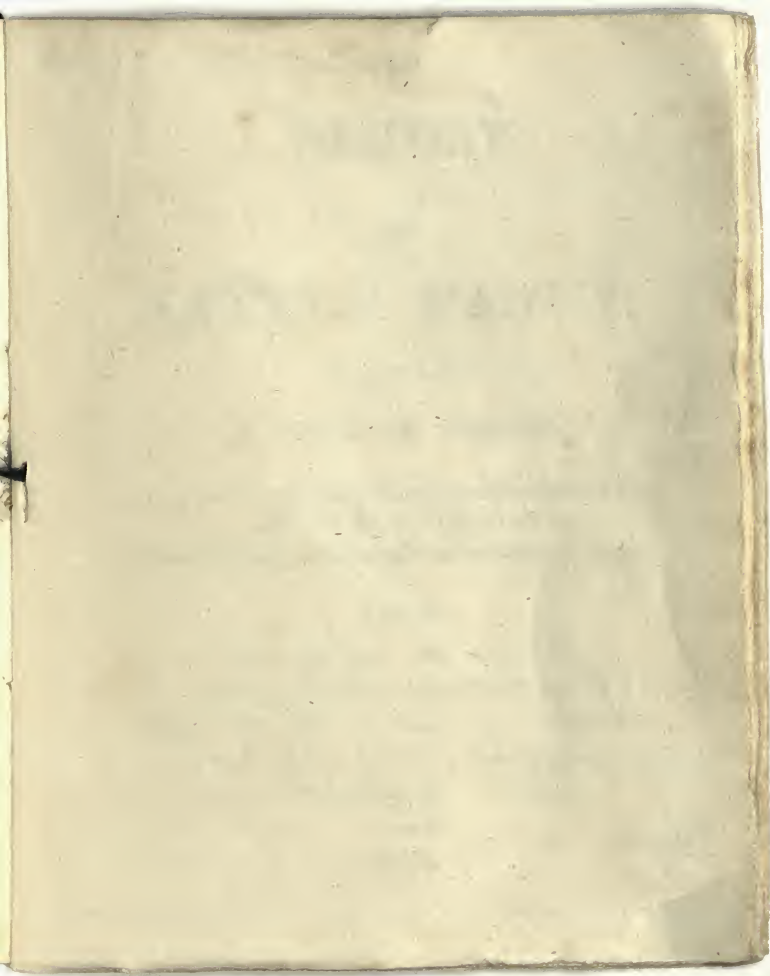
THE SIXTH EDITION.

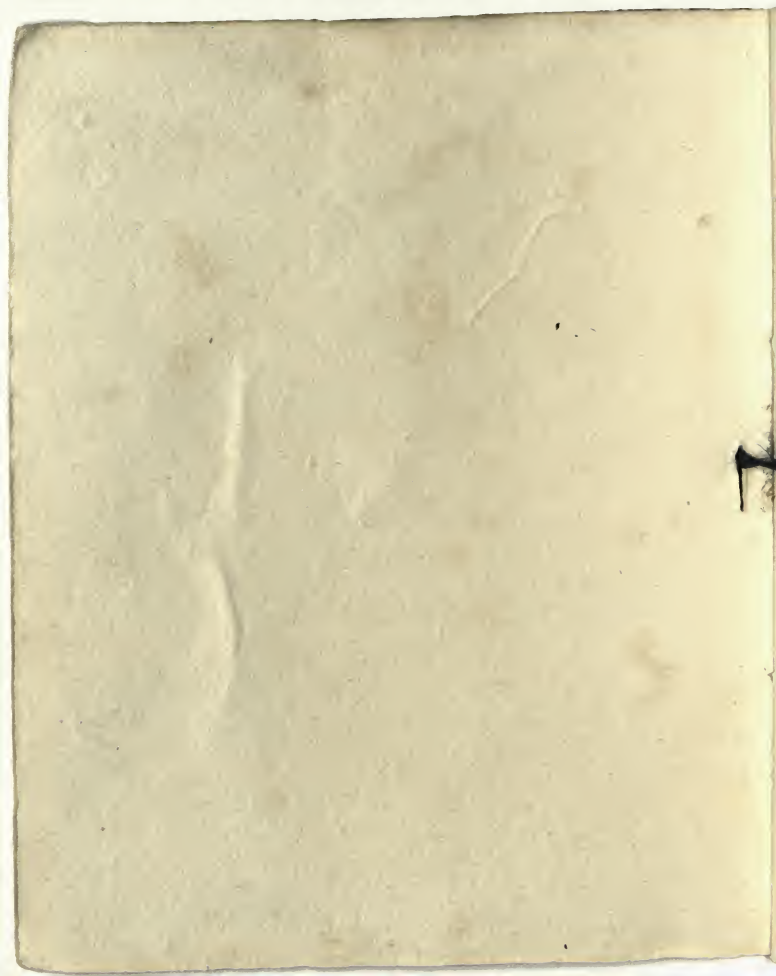
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AT THE TEMPLE OF FANCY, RATHBONE PLACE,
*Where are also sold Books of Instruction in
every Branch of Drawing, Colours, and every
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THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE FANNY,

AS SHE APPEARS IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

THE SIXTH EDITION.

By

THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,

AND OF 'THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND,

D. N. SHURY, Printer,
Berwick-street, Soho.

1810.

THE HISTORY
OF
LITTLE FANNY.

No. 1.

*Fanny dressed in a white frock, and
pink sash, with a doll in her arms.*

See Fanny here, in frock as white as
snow,

A sash of pink, with long and flowing
bow,

Shoes that sit tight and closely to her
feet,

Her whole appearance tidy, clean, and
neat ;

And in her arms a favorite doll she
bears,

The only object of her hopes and cares ;
Fanny with books will ne'er her mind
employ,

For play's her passion, idleness her joy.

No. 2.

*Fanny dressed in a great coat, muff,
and bonnet, ready to go out.*

With bonnet, coat, and muff, she next
appears,

Fast beats her heart, betwixt her hopes
and fears,

That in the Park, perhaps, Mamma
would go,

And little Fanny all her finery shew ;

But think of Fanny's grief ;—Mamma
says, No !

To keep you warm, my love, these
things I've got,

The weather is, at present, still too hot ;

Within your wardrobe they must safe
lay by,
Ah! Fanny, sure I do not see you cry?
Much more than cry, for Fanny she
did pout,
And mutter'd something about going
out.

No. 3.

Fanny in a red cloak, with a hat in her hand, begging her bread.

Can this be Fanny, once so neat and clean?
How chang'd her dress, how alter'd is
her mien ;

A dirty beggar girl before you stands,
Craving a scanty morsel from your
hands ;

Turn not away, attend to pity's call ;
But learn from this the evils that befall
Those who their mothers dare to dis-
obey,

And venture, 'gainst her will, from
home to stray :—

Away went Fanny with her wicked maid,
Who no attention to her duty paid,
But whilst the child went prattling by
her side,

Encouraged both her vanity and pride ;

Meanwhile some things she much did
wish to buy,

Bid Fanny stop, nor to the shop draw
nigh,

She would return, their walk they'd
then pursue—

Little did Fanny think how oft she'd
rue

This fatal walk ;—a beggar watch'd the
child,

Her clothes so good, her face so fair
and mild ;

The little girl she tempted from the door,
And poor lost Fanny could be seen no
more.

A dirty beggar girl she's now become,
Tatter'd and torn from house to house
she'd roam ;

But if by chance no pity she excites,
In fear her days are past, in tears her
nights.

No. 4.

*Fanny next appears an errand girl,
with a basket of fish on her head.*

Repentant Fanny sigh'd and cried in
vain,

With vice she dwelt, which doubled all
her pain ;

For pardon, at the Throne of Mercy,
fain she'd sue,

'Twas all the wretched Fanny ought to
do ;

Her prayers she call'd to mind,—till then
forgot ;—

Kneeling, confess'd the justice of her
lot ;—

But rose determin'd truth alone to tell,
Nor whine out tales of woe which ne'er
befell.

Her simple story soon compassion
moved,

But those who once have erred must
long be proved.

A generous dame from beggary set her
free,

An errand girl our Fanny now you see,
With apron blue and scales in trembling
hand,

Fanny cries "fish to sell," at your com-
mand.

No. 5.

*Fanny now carries milk and eggs to
market, instead of fish, as a neater
and cleaner employ.*

Fanny's now seen with milk upon her
head,
Eager she feels to gain her daily bread,
Oft thinks of home, and of her mother
dear,
And down her cheeks descends the
trembling tear ;
Had she but known her mother's watch-
ful eye
Follow'd her close, and was for ever
nigh,

Longing once more her daughter to em-
brace,

Hang on her neck, and kiss her smiling
face,

Whilst prudence still withheld maternal
love,

Till longer trial Fanny's virtue prove.

No. 6.

*Fanny has now a basket of butter under
her cloak, and is sent, unknown to
herself, to her mother's house.*

With butter fresh into a neighbouring
street,

With sure directions where to bend her
feet,

The little Fanny is one morning sent
With heavy load, but lightly on she
went,

Till she the well-known house descried ;

Alas ! I cannot enter there, she cried :

My mother sure will spurn me from her
door,

Perhaps she'll say, "I'll see her face no
more !"

Poor Fanny on the steps sat down and
cried,

And with her apron blue her eyes she
dried ;

But the fond mother soon her pain re-
liev'd,

And in her longing arms her child re-
ceiv'd ;

Both on their knees they thank'd that
Power above,

The child restored to its mother's love.

No. 7.

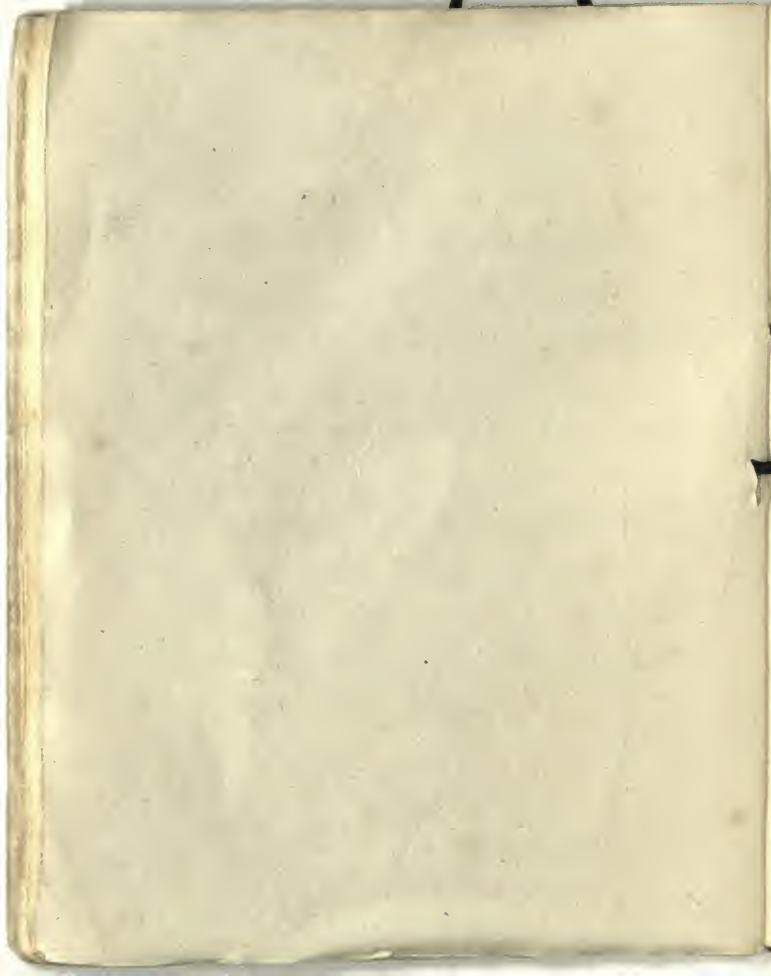
*Fanny restored to her former station,
modestly dressed in a coloured frock,
with a book in her hand.*

Once more the little Fanny you must
see,

Since she's return'd to what she ought
to be ;

She's now no longer idle, proud, or vain,
Eager her own opinion to maintain ;
But pious, modest, diligent, and mild,
Belov'd by all, a good and happy child.

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